

REUNION OF THE OLD 15TH

MANY OLD VETERANS ATTENDED AT NAUGATUCK, YESTERDAY.

The Next Reunion to be Held Near New Haven—Officers Elected—The Death List—The Postscript History by Historian Thorpe—Several Addresses—A List of Those Present From the Veterans of This New Haven County Regiment.

The twenty-eighth annual reunion of the Fifteenth Regiment Veteran Association was held in Naugatuck yesterday, the 26th of August being the anniversary day of their enlistment in the United States service thirty years ago, and the veterans all think a great deal of their reunions as a day of great enjoyment, but their ranks are thinning out every year. About seventy-five of the veterans gathered at the Union depot between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning and embarked on the 8 a. m. train from New Haven for the good old town of Naugatuck, whose citizens and some comrades residents had invited the Vets. to partake of their hospitality, and gave them a royal reception and gave up the whole town to them. A large delegation came on the 9:40 train, and was met at the depot by a delegation of citizens and resident comrades. They fell into line headed by the Naugatuck drum corps, marched to the opera house, and at 11 a business meeting was held with Colonel Charles L. Upham, president of the association, in the chair. He called the Vets. to order with a few well chosen remarks, called on the secretary and treasurer, Oscar P. Ives, for his report, which was read and accepted and placed on file. A committee of one from each company, consisting of Co. A, George Minner; Co. B, A. P. Day; Co. C, J. K. Jones; Co. D, Martin Allen; Co. E, Jerome Coan; Co. F, George Couch; Co. G, John Comerford; Co. H, Luther M. Baldwin; Co. I, W. Hubbard, and Co. K, J. R. Kough was appointed to make nominations for officers for the ensuing year. The president then adjourned the assembly until after dinner and formed the veterans in line for a short march around the village, the drum corps leading. Next came an escort Isbell post, G. A. R., F. Nichols, commander, followed by the veterans. In the basement of the Congregational church, where dinner was waiting, the tables were a sight to behold, and they fairly groaned with tempting edibles of all kinds. They were presided over by a bevy of ladies, wives and daughters of comrades and citizens.

All remained standing and President Upham called the chaplain, John B. Doolittle of Nebraska, chaplain of the Fifteenth during the last year of service, to invoke divine blessing on the feast.

The old boys then fell in with a gusto, and did terrible execution on the splendid spread. The following ladies acted as waitresses at the dinner: Miss Emily Fenton, Miss Frances Culver, Miss Lena and Mattie Wooster, Miss Carrie Hubbard, Miss Lulu Hoagland, Mrs. R. Lewis, Mrs. W. G. Hard, Mrs. Noyes Wilcox.

The afternoon meeting opened at 1:45 in the opera house, and the gallery was well filled with ladies. Down stairs a large number of veterans and friends were present.

The report of the committee on nominations was as follows:

For president—Charles E. Upham of Meriden.

Vice president—John B. Mix of Wallingford.

Secretary and treasurer—Oscar P. Ives.

Surgeon—Charles F. Beckley of New Haven.

Chaplain—H. F. Marsh of Cromwell.

Historian—Seldon B. Thorpe of New Haven.

These nominations were adopted unanimously.

The question of holding the next reunion was then taken up, and it was decided to hold the next one in New Haven or in the immediate vicinity.

The following committee on the reunion, consisting of New Haven men, was then selected: Captain Buttrick, Daniel Ackley, W. S. Beecher, G. W. Stoddard and J. N. Leonard.

THE YEAR'S DEATH ROLL.

The following deaths were reported during the year:

Henry Phelps, Company H, Barkhamsted.

Jacob Albinger, Company C, Branford.

John Burke, Company H, Naugatuck.

Walter H. Lord, Company I, New Haven.

Egbert Jacobs, Company B, Branford.

Robert Fitzpatrick, Company D, New Haven.

THE SPEAKERS.

The business then having been transacted, the choir boys of St. Michael's rendered "The Red, White and Blue," and were vociferously applauded.

President Upham then introduced the Rev. Mr. Sontz, who made a short address of welcome, in which patriotism was ever present, interspersed with several witty remarks.

He began by looking at the ladies in the gallery and saying, "I think if I was to set a text for my address to-day it would be from the scripture which reads, 'Set your affection on things above.'" He was interrupted by frequent applause and given a great ovation at the close.

President Upham then introduced Chaplain J. B. Doolittle, who made a neat little address, describing several anecdotes of the late war and concluding with the remark that the latch on his home would always be open to his comrades of the Fifteenth C. V.

Music by the choir boys followed Chaplain Doolittle's address.

Captain Buttrick then described the dedication of the soldiers' monument at New Bern, N. C. He also delivered a eulogy on the late Secretary and Treasurer Walter H. Lord.

W. S. Atwood, an ex-chaplain of the regiment was the next speaker. He said the veterans would never be forgotten; that the children of the veterans will keep their memory green from generation to generation. He said there is no society which binds men together like the Grand Army.

Enoch E. Rogers, a private in the war, but now a minister, said he was glad to be a member of the Fifteenth C. V.'s and attend its reunions. He described some of the scenes of the war hospital

and the "dead" horse. He was listened to with eager interest.

"Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground" was sung by the choir boys, with Seth Bingham doing the solo work.

Sheldon B. Thorpe, historian of the regiment, read a paper in which he described several of the peculiarities of different men connected with the regiment. It was gotten up in a very witty manner and kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. It was called a "Postscript History" and is given in full below.

Edward A. Thorpe of Southington was listened to with close attention by his companions of other days.

Henry C. Baldwin followed and delighted the audience with his reminiscences of the late war.

The meeting then adjourned. The Naugatuck Citizen distributed a copy of their finely illustrated souvenir of the place, which contains over one hundred illustrations of principal buildings, factories and prominent citizens. A copy was given to each member of the Fifteenth present at the reunion.

Arranged by companies, the following are those who were in attendance at the reunion:

Company A—George L. Miner, Westfield, Mass.; J. E. Stevens, New Haven; J. B. Mix, Wallingford; E. D. Morse, Durham.

Company B—G. W. Stoddard, Dan Ackley, H. B. Platt, Spencer Viberts, A. P. Day, A. N. Barber, L. P. Clark, John Turner, J. L. Plant, C. J. Winget, E. R. Davis, L. E. Barnes, Ed. E. Sanford, Levert P. Clark, J. H. Thompson, all of New Haven; W. B. Johnson, Seymour.

Company C—A. N. Tuttle, J. K. Jones, Hugh J. Finnegan, E. W. Horton, Charles Douglass, all of New Haven; Joel C. Griffin, Bridgeport; Chauncey Beach, Plymouth; F. D. Mosher, West Haven.

Company D—George Morgan, North Haven; D. Marshall, Cromwell; W. F. Parker, Norwich; Charles M. Thil, Central E. F. Hendricks, Martin Allen, all of New Haven.

Company E—W. S. Beecher, J. M. Leonard, G. H. Hall, all of New Haven; E. E. Rogers, Robert Downs, H. C. Stevens, all of Orange; J. C. Page, Guilford; J. R. Hine, J. E. Ford, S. A. Nettleton, all of Milford; R. J. Spencer, Seymour; Corporal E. A. Thorpe, Philadelphia; C. H. Frisbie, Stony Creek; Rev. Henry Marshall, Cromwell; P. J. Quigley, Meriden; F. J. Casey, Cheshire.

Company F—Seldon Williams, Elliott Upson, W. H. Minchen, G. W. Couch, Jefferson Lawrence, Joseph Butler, all of Meriden; B. F. Ross of Torrington; George A. Welton, Oxford; W. W. Plink, Jonah Curtis, both of New Britain; R. F. Webster, Naugatuck.

Company G—John Cummerford, New York; W. A. Snow, Killingworth.

Company H—E. L. Williams, H. C. Baldwin, Luther Baldwin, Alfred H. French, R. W. Lewis, all of Naugatuck; Charles R. Fox, Waterbury; George E. Tyler, Henry D. Lewis, both of New Haven; Robert Downs, Oxford; Lee Isbell, Meriden.

Company I—George Waugh, Killingworth; J. B. Clement, J. A. Church, Oscar P. Ives, W. A. Butterick, Henry Kelly, W. H. Nichols, W. H. Hubbard, Charles Dudley, Charles E. Hart, Leon Foster, all of New Haven; T. Hosford, Bethany; J. H. Thornton, City, N. J.; J. Widner, New Hartford; Henry S. Allis, Cheshire.

Company K—Henry W. Scranton, Bethany; H. Y. Parker, Meriden; G. H. Barnes, North Branford; T. W. Smith, S. B. Smith, S. P. Lindley, all of North Haven; J. L. Doolittle, Mount Carmel, N. Y.; J. R. Hough, D. W. Hall, Wallingford; J. K. Adams, Seymour; W. E. Brackett, New Haven.

POSTSCRIPT HISTORY 15TH C. V.

Prepared by Sheldon B. Thorpe.

The office of "historian of the regiment" is not without its compensations. Coming up on the train this morning on old Vet. hailed the speaker as "The Recording Angel," and scarce-

ly had I set foot in this village before another rushed up with the salutation, "Hallo you old gray headed ink slinger," thus you see that if pet names count for anything, historians ought to be greatly appreciated.

This matter of a historian's report is a new field, but connected with our regiment's life are many incidents which are of "it" but not "in it." It was not possible that a single volume should contain all the heroic acts of a thousand men, particularly men made of such solid material as were the Fifteenth Connecticut, and therefore it has been suggested by a few comrades to call your attention a little while to what may be termed "The Postscript of History."

Now then, Paddy Murphy of Company K, the man who kept on ramming cartridges into his musket, the night we turned out on Arlington Heights, until the thing was full to the muzzle, and then asked what he should do with the rest of his "domed ammunition." Paddy's wife came down to see him one afternoon when he was on guard at "the gate" at Oyster Point, and was about to pass in.

"Halt mimm!" says Paddy presenting his bayonet at her breast.

"Howdy Moses! Will he stick me?" exclaimed the astonished dame.

"Stand back then mimm!" roared Paddy flourishing his weapon, and back she went.

"Now right face—advance yez by the left flut and enter regularly," says Paddy, "I ripresent the government." And she had to obey him.

Murphy afterwards confided to a tent-mate that it was the only time he was ever able to make the "ould woman" mind him.

A due regard to the proprieties forbids mentioning the name of that comrade of ours who attended the grand review in Washington in 1893. While there he desired the professional attendance of a barber and accordingly entered a saloon presided over by a colored gentleman of considerable antiquity.

In the course of the treatment the artist mentioned that he once shaved Daniel Webster and that he was reminded of it by the strong resemblance which the gentleman in the chair bore to that distinguished statesman. Pleased at this our comrade inquired in what respects the similarity appeared, and the knight of the razor replied:

"In the matter of your powerful breech sir!"

The end of the life of any veteran of our command ought to be a matter of personal interest to each one of us. No matter who he is—where he falls, or when he falls—if he took the oath to serve the state and the nation and did a soldier's duty, he is entitled to our sympathy and attention. Whatever his circumstances may have been at death somebody once loved him—a mother—a wife—possibly children; somebody, too, probably mourned his death.

One such died some time since. He had made rather a weak battle for existence since his discharge in 1865. He lived in a neighboring town, and from straitened means was not always able to attend these reunions. Sickness had wounded him sorely and at last he was nearing his end. He had lain all day in a state of half-consciousness, and his wife past middle age, like himself, had been watching with him.

As the sun was going down the red light came in at the window, fell upon an old fashioned looking glass upon the wall opposite and was reflected in glory upon the face of the soldier. He moved a bit and put out his hand as if searching for something; then he passed it across his eyes as if to clear away a mist, the mist which rises from the valley of the river of death.

"Is it night?" he asked.

"Yes, dear, it is growing dark," his wife replied, as she moved nearer him and took his wasted hand. The August sunset and life's sunset for him were fast coming on. The boundary line between to-day and forever was becoming clearer and sharper defined.

"Have the children come home?" he soon asked.

"Yes, dear, they are all in," said the faltering lips of his wife, and so they were and had been, one thirty and more years—one half that time, and still a third, all in their graves; not one was left.

"Janet, call Charlie," he suddenly uttered. "I hear the band coming."

O how the words fell on the mother's heart. Call Charlie—why nothing but the trumpet of the resurrection could summon the lad. The dying father would soon go to his boy, but the boy could not come to him. Then silence fell for a little, and by and by a neighbor entered, but the wife motioned her back and sat silent in the gray evening light holding her husband's cold wrinkled hand, that hand which in the name of God and in the cause of right had carried a gun at Fredericksburg, at Suffolk, at Kingston.

"I hear the band again," she heard him say, feebly as he tried to rise, and then in a stronger voice, "Janet, they're coming—they're playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,'" and he fell back, gone. Well has a poet said:

"Great souls, we say, when now and then we find such hearts in common men. Plain, common men of every day. Who left their homes to march away. For standing face to face with fate All common men are always great."

The history of our regiment is a history of men who have furnished actors in nearly all the walks of life. Ministers, lawyers, faith doctors, physicians, merchants, manufacturers, mind readers, mechanics, etc., etc., Keeley graduates, etc. All trades and professions have been honored by the entrance into them of ourselves. But the time has come when we can no longer take a too boastful attitude. We have reached the highwater mark of our ability, and hence forward men will say of us, "He is growing old."

We do not so much see it in each other as the children of to-day see it in us. We, a few hundreds, measure ourselves by our past. The world measures us by their present. It looks on us as almost a past generation. The civil war is nearly as remote from the thoughts of the children of Naugatuck to-day as were thoughts of the revolutionary war from us when we enlisted.

Yet notwithstanding the advancing years, and the inroads of disability to a greater or less degree, it is very comforting to know that there are still a few of us who carry on business at the old stand "with eye undimmed and force unabated." One such among others is doing business in New Haven.

He has a market, and like all bread winners has to hustle for trade. Among his patrons was a lady who frequently priced his wares but rarely made a purchase. One morning, however, much to his surprise, she succeeded in selling her a fish for dinner. The following day she entered his place somewhat flustered and complained loudly that her purchases was stale.

"Madam," said our comrade, the proprietor, "it's not my fault that the fish was stale. I asked you to buy it every day for a week. You waited too long before you took it."

Now, with such business men on our rolls we are not going to take back water from any other Connecticut regiment.

Must you hear something about "Bill Nichols," who (besides ourselves) fills a larger and more important place in our history? Whom are we better pleased to meet? Who counted for more in the army than he? Why, we're known him answer at roll call for three or four comrades, who were playing cards up at the sutlers, so naturally that like Chamberlain was fooled every time.

The only occasion, I am told, that William was ever mistaken happened soon after his discharge from the army.

When he was a child he was intended for the ministry, and reared to that end, and had not the "cruel war" come on, might perhaps have been in the Rev. Rufus T. Cooper's place to-day. At any rate, when he enlisted he had but very few ideas about how this big world was run, and he was so child-like and innocent Captain Buttricks hated to deceive him, and so he let him wander around in ignorance for all those three years, when he might have been filling him up with useful information. Ever Chamberlain Miller says he's ashamed that he didn't take William in hand and make a foreign missionary of him.

Well, like a good many others when the war was over, Bill went to keeping poultry. Church says that while they were in New Bern Nichols showed him one day in the strictest confidence, on behind Fort Totten, a paper the size of the New York Sunday World, entirely covered with figures estimating the profit of raising chickens. Church thought then that his mind seemed to run more on hens than on doing guard duty.

William bought his setting hens and his eggs, fixed a comfortable place for them, and in due course of time brought off his first broods. They looked fine and he was proud of them, but in a few days they began to droop and act strangely; some even turned up their toes. He called in a neighbor to view the situation and offer advice. They were surely a skinny looking lot and apparently without much ambition. The old farmer carefully looked them over.

"What do yer feed 'em?" he asked.

"Feed 'em," said Bill, as if he had not heard quite right. "Feed 'em! Why, I don't feed 'em anything. I thought the old hens had milk enough for 'em."

Then there is another of us with a reputation of being something of a champion of the rights of the working-men. When he first began to be interested in their behalf he vowed to see for himself whether their complaints were well founded or fictitious. One day in pursuing his investigations he chanced to pass one of the big brick structures in process of erection, for which served a laborer carrying a loaded hod of bricks about to ascend a long ladder. He approached him and emphatically said:

"My poor man, do you have to go up that ladder all day?"

"No, begobos," replied the working-man. "O'm half the time comin' down it."

It is said that our comrade was so paralyzed by the answer that it set him back a whole year in this benevolent work.

Neither shall I mention the name of one of our comrades recently married for the second time. During the honeymoon himself and wife concluded to visit the theater in a neighboring city one evening, and on approaching the box office he very properly inquired of his bride if she had a choice of seats in the house, whereupon she said, as they were now married she thought the "family circle" would be the correct place.

The dead never grow old. Whenever we recall the figure of Walter H. Lord it will be to the most of us as he looked at our last reunion. We shall not so much think of him as he lay in his narrow, flower covered house in Lafayette street in New Haven as when he stood before us a year since.

Only the living change. Our comrades who went down in battle or in camp are photographed upon our memories as young men. They were boys then, and boys they will ever remain to us, and the homes that miss them. Comrade after comrade has silently slipped away. Ah, men, it is as if the dead of our regiment stood behind us upon terraces; at the foot the immortal bloom of youth, then rank upon rank they rise in the level of the years each higher than the other, and we are waiting our places in the topmost tier.

Lord came to us in his youth. He left us in his manhood. He came to us as an unknown civilian; he left us as an ideal comrade. His conception of what an ex-soldier of the civil war should be was one worthy of imitation. It was a practical one. To be courteous, to be temperate, to be helpful, to be manly were resolves that he lived up to. Unblinded by the delusion common to many veterans that their service has given them a lien upon the nation, whatever their character may be, he saw clearly that "a new king has arisen which knew not Joseph," and that the day of settlement for the ex-soldier ended with the last generation. As I was frequently with him during the preparation of your regimental history (and here let me add this tribute to his worth, that whatever that history is, it would have been far less without his aid), as I met him often for consultation, one thought was uppermost in his mind, and that was to do thoroughly and completely the work we were assigned to do. He realized that the ex-soldier of the Union is on trial to-day as ever before; on trial not by a jury of a generation ago, who urged his enlistment, employed him as a substitute, paid him bounties, promised him more than the devil did our Saviour, but by a new panel of late years who, unbiased and unprejudiced, calmly look the veteran over and measure him for his present worth.

Such, if I understand him, was Lord's belief, and to that end he lived and died. Should such not be the ideal aim of us all? With that in view all reproach would cease, criticism not always unjust would be stilled, and the ex-soldier of the Union, whatever his race or color, would take a foremost place in the affections of the American people as a man, and as a hero.

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ENGLAND AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

Chamberlain Says That The Mother Country Won't Settle The Money Difficulty.

London, Aug. 26.—In the house of commons to-day Mr. William Johnston, conservative member for South Belfast, asked for information as to the position of the negotiations which had been pursued between Newfoundland and Canada, to the end that the former should be merged into the Dominion. He also asked whether the home government would assist in settling the financial difficulty of Newfoundland.

Mr. Chamberlain, secretary of state for the colonies, said that the negotiations were in abeyance owing, he believed, to the disinclination of the Dominion to assume the debt of Newfoundland. If the second part of Mr. Johnston's question meant the imposition upon the taxpayers of Great Britain of any liability for the debt of the colony of Newfoundland, Mr. Chamberlain said, he must answer in the negative.

EXPLOSION IN A BANK.

A Clerk Entering the Vault With a Match Ignites Gas From a Turned-on Burner.

New York, Aug. 26.—August Lembeck, a clerk in the Third National bank at Pavonia avenue and Erie street, Jersey City, went into the vault in the bank at about 9:30 o'clock this morning to get some securities. He took a match with him to light the gas in the vault in order to get the proper papers.

Suddenly there was a loud explosion. The officers went into the vault, and found that it was caused by gas. An examination showed that some one had left the gas turned on Saturday night, and it had been accumulating since then.

Lembeck was severely burned by the explosion and was attended by City Physician Hoffman. He is a son of Brewer Lembeck of the firm of Lembeck & Betts. He was removed to his home at Columbia place and Bergen road.

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Sale of Clothing which has been in progress at our store for the past two weeks was the greatest bargain sale of Reliable Clothing ever held in New Haven.

We have every reason to believe that everyone who bought Clothing from us during this Sale (and they numbered into the thousands) will be our regular customers in the future. That we lost money on the Sale is true, but that we have sold about all our medium and light weight Suits is equally a fact.

One equals the other, so we do not think we have cause for regret; besides, we are looking for the future,—what might have been our loss in the past may add to our gain in time.

A few choice Men's and Boys' Suits left. Come this week, sure, at the Sale closes Saturday night.

Connecticut Clothing Co., New Haven's Leading Clothiers, 813-815-817 Chapel Street. New Haven, Conn. SOL MYERS, Manager.

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OWNERS OF CONVERTIBLE DEBENTURE CERTIFICATES OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILROAD COMPANY, approved May 29, 1895, to subscribe in the month of September for additional convertible debenture certificates to be issued by said Company October 1st, 1895, in the proportion of one-quarter of the amount of their holdings September 1st, 1895.

The transfer books for registered certificates will be closed during the month of September and subscription blanks will be mailed to the holders of registered certificates.

This offer is hereby made to holders of coupon convertible debenture certificates, whose names and addresses are not registered on the books of said Company. Subscriptions by said holders can be made only upon the presentation of their certificates at this office. For this purpose, however, presentation of Coupon No. 3 (which matures April 1, 1896), will be accepted as evidence of ownership of the certificate itself. When presented, negotiable warrants will be issued entitling the holders, or their assignees, to subscribe for the additional convertible debenture certificates at par. Payment with due and the certificates will be issued as of the first day of October, 1895.

As a matter of accommodation to the holders of coupon convertible debenture certificates, transmittal blanks may be obtained to the certificates, or Coupon No. 3, may be deposited for transmission to the undersigned, at the following places, to wit:

THE FARMERS' LOAN & TRUST COMPANY, No. 16 William street, New York City.

Mr. F. E. HALL, Agent, Grand Central Depot, New York City.

Mr. A. H. LITCHFIELD, Treasurer's Agent, Park Square Station, Boston, Mass.

Mr. R. H. FOREY, Room No. 20, Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

Mr. A. R. LONGLEY, Treasurer's Agent, Union Depot, Providence, R. I.

CONNECTICUT TRUST & SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

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Payments for the new Debenture Certificates will be due October 1, 1896, and may be made prior to that date, but no interest will be allowed on such payments. Payments may be made up to, but not later than, October 31st, unless otherwise agreed, and interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from October 1st will be required on payments delayed after the 10th day of October.

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The six hundred pairs of Ladies' Kid and Dongola Oxfords and Ties—Samples thrown into one of our west windows last week—all at Ninety-Eight Cents (98) keep us busy.

Men's Russet and Brown Leather, high lace and Oxfords, formerly \$7.00, \$6.00 and \$5.00, now \$3.65 and \$2.65.